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Northern Messenger

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At Mother's Knee.

At mother's knee—that is where the little ones of the home should learn their first lessons about the Saviour and His love; where they should first be taught to make their prayers to God; and where the first lessons of their privilege and duty as 'children of the Heavenly King' should be shown them.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

How great an opportunity mothers miss who do not themselves teach their little ones of the love of God! Schoolmasters and mistresses can do much; clergy and pastors and Sunday-school teachers can do much. But they cannot take a mother's place in the training of her little ones in the things of God. Many a man and many a woman must in after-life thank God for the lessons they so learned, and for the habit of prayer which was then begun. —'Light in the Home.'

The Great Thing.

Let us cultivate this thought, that God is not only our Father, but a great King, with all the familiarity of little children will be mingled reverential awe. Wherever we go, we shall recollect the presence of God, and this will prevent us from the spirit which is betrayed into extravangant speech. We shall not dream of using words which come within the scope of our Lord's condemnation when we remember that every word is spoken in the presence of our Judge, and that of every idle word that we may speak we shall be called to account.

All harsh judgments of other people, who are God's creatures; all flippant reference to Scripture to spice our conversation, and suggest witticisms and conundrums; all light remarks on God's dealings with men, as in a book once published, called, 'The Comic History of England'; all trifling with sacred subjects, or exposing them to ridicule—will be impossible to those who invest them with the thought that God is great, and greatly to be feared, and to be had in reverence by all that are about Him. The reverent use of the Day of God, the entrance with devout and sacred thoughts into His House, the wary and careful participation in the Lord's Supper, the loving handling of Scripture, and even of the Book which contains it, the honor with which parent and friend, old and young are treated —all these admirable and beautiful traits, so necessary to the perfecting of character, are due to the same origin and source. When God is treated as the Great King, the whole life falls into symmetry and order, and becomes a prolonged Yea to truth, a profound Nay to falsehood and error.—Meyer.

Seeing Things Rightly.

There is a right way and a wrong way of looking at almost everything. Spiritual discernment is a very important grace; for many of our joys and many of our sorrows proceed from our method of looking at those things which concern our peace. Salvation depends upon a right view of Jesus Christ. The difference between the impenitent sinner and the same person after he is regenerated, is that he looks at Christ with a new eye, and has discovered him to be the very Saviour and guide that he needs.

But there is no direction in which we are apt to make more egregious mistakes than when we look to our Heavenly Father's providential dealings. Some Christians are betrayed into a heathenish habit of talking about 'good luck' and 'bad fortune,' and using other expressions that convey the idea that human life is a mere game of chance. Blind unbelief may be expected to err, and to scan God's work as either a riddle or a muddle. A Christian who has had his eyes opened ought to know better than to make such mistakes. Yet how prone we are to regard many of God's dealings in a wrong light and to call them by wrong names. We speak of things as afflictions, which are really great blessings under a dark disguise. We often congratulate people on getting what turns out to be a dangerous snare or a lamentable loss. Quite as often we condole with them over blessings more precious than gold.

Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his money and saved his character, and be equally careful how you congratulate a man who has made a million dollars at the expense of his religion. A severe sickness has often brought recovery to a sinner's soul, and suffering often works out for a Christian an exceeding weight of glory. Let us learn to see things rightly and call them by their right names. Then we shall not put funeral palls over rich blessings, or decorate temptations with garlands of roses. Let us all ask God to open our eyes, and give us spiritual discernment. Then we shall discover that this life is only a training-school for a higher and a better one; then we shall see a Father's smile behind the darkest cloud, and at the end of the

pilgrimage of duty it will be one of the raptures of heaven to behold the King in His beauty and know all things even as we have been known.

If we possessed clearer discernment, we should not so often torment ourselves with sinful anxieties about the future. Our loving Lord knew what was in man when he reiterated His remonstrances against borrowing trouble in advance, and when he said: 'Be not, therefore, anxious for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Worry is not only a sin against God, it is a sin against our health and peace. It sometimes amounts to slow suicide. Honest work, however hard, seldom hurts us; it is worry that corrodes and kills. There is only one practical remedy for the sin of anxiety. Let us not climb the high wall until we get to it, or fight the battle until it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys of present blessings by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us. We need all our strength and all the grace that God can give us for to-day's burdens and to-day's battles. To-morrow belongs to our Heavenly Father. I would not know its secrets if I could. It is far better to know whom we trust, and that He is able to keep all that we commit to Him.

Why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And look and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
For we never will see to-morrow;
When it comes the morrow will be to-day,
With its measures of joy or sorrow.
—Selected.

Ministry and Mastery.

The devil says, 'Ye shall be as gods.' Christ says, 'Ye shall be perfect, as My Father is perfect.' But in order to be as gods, the devil says you must be prepared to trample men beneath your feet. Christ says, 'If you would be perfect, go sell what you have, and give to the poor, and you shall have treasure in heaven.' The difference is that one set of men go bluatering over the world showing the strength of their arm, and insisting on other men serving them; whilst the other set are perpetually giving themselves away in ministry.

Every man has his sins. We often seem to forget how clearly Christ has laid down our duty about our behavior to such. 'If thy brother trespass against thee' (Matt. xviii., 15), what do we do? We are cool to him, do not speak to him, give him a wide berth. He has done us a wrong, and we tell our wife and child to have no intercourse with his wife and child. If we meet him in the street, we bow stiffly and pass. But Jesus says, 'Go and tell him his fault between him and thee.' Go? Let him come to me. Go? Why should I? If he should be in need or at the point of death I would go, but why should I go now? Yet the Lord will have us go, and go now, that we may gain and win our brother to a better mind. Ah, we shall never do it until we have learned to love.

Yet another text, 'If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one' (Gal. vi., 1). Too often we whisper to this and the other the story of his sin, saying, 'Of course you will not tell.' But this is not God's way. No, says the Lord, lovingly lift that fallen man or woman up again in the spirit of meekness, remembering how easily tempted you are too. Then go to your place of secret prayer, and pray God that you may not be tempted to your undoing, and if you are, that someone's love should do for you what your love has done for him.

Once more, 'If a man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall pray——' (I. John v., 16.) Instead of talking of it let us hasten away to his secret place and cry to God. What will be the result? God shall give him life for those that sin not unto death.' And the man who has sinned shall feel life coming back into his soul. He may not know whence, but in heaven he will discover that it was because his brother, who saw the act, went away and prayed for him. Why do we not act thus? Ah! We need the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which he hath given unto us (Rom. v., 5).—Meyer.

The Homing Instinct.

'Why are you content?' an officer asked an Omaha chief. 'Pain and old age are not good things.' The aged chief was silent awhile, and then said:

'The bird that builds its nest on the tree near my wigwam in summer leaves it when winter is coming, and travels thousands of miles to the southward; but in the spring it will come back across mountains and rivers to that very same nest. How do such creatures know the way? They have no map, no guide. The Great Spirit puts something in their hearts to draw them back to their homes. And he has not forgotten to put something in each man's heart that draws him, draws him all his life long, up to his home. I am coming near to mine. Shall I not be glad?'—'The Youth's Companion.'

Christian Courage.

Great and good men in all ages have been called to reprove sin in high places. Elijah and John the Baptist were examples that have been followed by men whose courage kept line with their conscience. Unhappily, there have been many occasions for the services of such men. John Knox before Mary, Luther before Charles, Sir Thomas More before Henry, Savonarola before the Medici, and a host of other brave men have stood up for the cause of God against the powers of the world. Many have suffered imprisonment, and some have forfeited their lives, rather than be silent in the presence of sinful rulers. They believed that sin was sin, however illustrious the sinner, and for his sake, as well as for the sake of the world, they would not hold their peace. Everyone admires the fortitude and courage of such men, but how few there are who follow their example in ordinary life. We are not called, as they were, to denounce kings, nor to go to prison and the stake for our opinions; but we sometimes find it hard to oppose public opinion, to dare to be singular, to resist and denounce evil that is under the patronage of influential men. The men who strive to rid the cities of gambling dens, of vicious resorts, of attractive liquor saloons, are held up as cranks, and do not receive the support from the churches that they have a right to expect. The easy and comfortable tolerance of evil, the desire to live quiet and peaceable lives, and to be on good terms with everyone, overcome the demands of conscience and do not evoke the protest that should come from God-fearing men. Like Lot in Sodom, they are content because the country is fruitful and their property is increasing. It is in the drink traffic especially that the Christian's protest is needed. That is the curse of our day, a curse far more blighting than the rule of the worst of kings, and the Church is to a large degree in complicity with it. If every Christian were a total abstainer and held the men engaged in the traffic as wrongdoers and enemies of society, the first and strongest step would be taken to the abatement of the evil.—'Christian Globe.'

Religious Notes.

Miss Edna S. Cole, of Bangkok, writes to 'Woman's Work' that not long ago the Siamese Princess, with some Presbyterian teachers in Bangkok, decided to have a woman's club for the purpose of cultivating mutual sympathy. The Club meets on the 15th of every month at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the home of the Princess. A lecture, written by some one previously appointed, is read and followed by a discussion. Then there is a reading of the world's news, and, afterward, some light refreshments.

The January meeting was a Christmas celebration. It was the first time that old place ever had a Christmas tree, and all the women and children from other houses gathered there.

'Oh, I am so glad,' the Princess said, 'to show the people that Christmas means love and good fellowship for all mankind. Shut away as we are from the outside world, we let little troubles divide us, but this will show that we really care for each other.' The Princess feels that she now knows something of the great love of God. Into her life has come a happy consciousness of His presence, and she says, 'I now love Jesus and try to obey Him.'

'China's Millions' gives an account of a remarkable 'Bible Knowledge Examination' recently held under the auspices of the China Inland Mission in the province of Hunan. Copies of the Mandarin Bible were offered as prizes to all who should pass successfully an examination on an outline issued six months previously. The outline contained 33 questions, such as: Repeat names of Old Testament Books, the Ten Commandments, Psalms 1, 8, 32, 51, 103; give summary of Books of Jonah, of St. Mark's Gospel; repeat I. Cor. xiii.; give an account of the trial, death, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord. Twenty-six passages of the Scripture were to be memorized.

The contestants worked hard during this long period, and when the time came the examiners were amazed at their proficiency. One writes:

For two hours a young farmer repeated Scripture and only dropped three or four characters. When we came to Solomon's prayer, he said quietly, 'May we kneel as the great king did?' and reverently and beautifully, without a slip, he repeated the 39 verses comprizing that prayer; ere we separated he handed me a dozen pages of carefully prepared manuscript showing quite an extensive acquaintance with Christian commentaries.

I thought he could not be surpassed, but the appearance of each additional candidate increased my astonishment; at least three were within a shade of perfection. Each man was examined separately and privately. One knelt the whole time, two hours and a quarter, and his summary of St. Mark's Gospel was a magnificent achievement. Beginning with the first chapter he repeated, consecutively and correctly, no less than 96 items.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: A Friend, Roselaine Belvidere, $1.00; Adolphus Andrews, Lambeth, Ont, $5.00; Total .. .. $ 6.00

Received for the cots: friends: Watford, Ont., per Miss Sarah Kerry, $7.16; The Marais Y. P. S. C. E., Otterburne, Ont., $2.10; A Friend, West New Annan, $4.00; A Friend, Roselaine Belvidere, $1.00; Mrs. A. McMillan, Gould Station, P.Q., $2.00; Adolphus Andrews, Lambeth, Ont., $5.00; Total .. .. .. $ 21.26

Received for the komatik: A Friend, Roselaine Belvidere, ... $ 1.00

Previously acknowledged for the launch	565.84
Previously acknowledged for the cots	160.33
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	110.45
Total received up to Sept. 17 ..	$ 864.88

An inquiry comes from Watford, Ont., as to the meaning of the word 'Komatik.' It is the Esquimaux name for the dog-sleigh, the only means of conveyance in these Labrador regions during their long winters. These low compactly built sledges are drawn by teams of Esquimaux dogs, or 'huskies,' as they are called, and are made in various sizes, according to need. Our komatik is used by Dr. Hare at Harrington. It, and another, one were built from the money subscribed by readers of the 'Witness' Boys' Page, and also maintained last winter from the same fund. It is named the 'Winter Messenger,' and is in commission, while the launch 'Northern Messenger' is necessarily put by for winter. As these sleighs are the only means of conveyance, it is quite easy to understand how much they mean to the people. We hope to be able to provide for the keep of the dogs and salary of the driver this winter also.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1907.

Israel Enters the Land of Promise.

Josh. iii., 5-17. Memory verse 17. Read Josh. ii-iv.

Golden Text.

And he led them forth by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation.—Psa. cvii., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 7.—Josh. ii., 1-24.
Tuesday, October 8.—Josh. iii., 1-17.
Wednesday, October 9.—Josh. iv., 1-13.
Thursday, October 10.—Josh. iv., 14—v., 1.
Friday, October 11.—Ex. xiv., 15-31.
Saturday, October 12.—Ps. xliv., 1-26.
Sunday, October 13.—Isa. xliii., 1-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Most of you boys, I expect, belong to some kind of a team, don't you? Perhaps it is a baseball, or football, or some other game. And even if you don't, you will know that all the members of a team must be ready to obey their captain if they expect to win in any game. In the same way with soldiers; even if they think that an order seems very silly, they must obey when their general gives it. Do you remember who was appointed the new leader over the Israelites in our last Sunday's lesson? Yes, it was Joshua, and in our lesson to-day we learn about some of the first orders he gives. When our lesson starts the Israelites are all encamped on one side of the river Jordon, and over on the other side was the land towards which they had been journeying. There was no bridge for them to cross, they had no boats, and the river was even broader than it ordinarily was because it was flooded. Yet Joshua told the people to get ready to cross this big river. What if the people had just laughed at him and said, 'How absurd! Do you think we can walk on the water!' Do you suppose they would ever have reached Canaan? But there was something that happened long ago when they left Egypt that the Israelites remembered, and so now they were willing to trust God and obey their leader.

Recall the crossing of the Red Sea and compare the stopping of the waters of Jordan to the building of a dam such as all children love to make. Conclude the lesson by speaking of the monument built to commemorate the crossing, just as we build monuments to great and good men, or in memory of some great event. It is not right to forget God's mercies.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Joshua is not slow to take up the duties of his new position. The command to go forward is received from God and is passed on unhesitatingly to the people. It must have been with a reverent awe that Joshua awaited God's action. It was to be a revelation of God that demanded the people's special sanctification, and would also place the divine seal upon Joshua's leadership. The event itself is one of the favorite stories of Old Testament history for children, and one of the special points of attack of certain critics. The revised version of the Scriptures renders the account a little clearer, making it evident that the Israelites were given ample ground for a rapid crossing, the waters of the down-flowing Jordan being cut off 'in one heap, a great way off, at Adam, etc.' God's hand here controlled the forces of nature in a peculiar manner, whether he blocked the course of the Jordan by a landslide, as it is generally believed, or whatever means he may have used. The impossibility of fording the flooded Jordan, and the absence of any boats to convey the invading army across must have caused the Canaanites to look upon their preparations with derision, and it is evident that they deemed it quite unnecessary to provide a defending force. The obstacles that must have loomed so large in the eyes of Israel were thus turned to their advantage by God.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.'

Verse 16.—Most interesting in this connection is the incident recounted in the history of Sultan Bibars, which occurred in 1257 A.D. 'It was found necessary to repair the foundations of the bridge Jisr Damieh in anticipation of the retreat of the Moslem army. The task seemed impossible, but on arriving at the bridge the workmen found the river bed empty. Thus it remained for a few hours, until the work was nearly completed, then the waters came again rushing down. The cause was a landslide higher up the river.'

Samuel Rutherford says: 'In Heaven we will thank God more for the dark days than for the bright days, for in the bright days we were ready to forget our God, but the dark days were helpful to a closer walk with Him.' If we are on our way to Heaven, when we reach that happy place, looking back upon our days, dark or bright, we shall know how to thank Him for them all. As we review them all we shall say, 'He led us by the right way to the city of habitation.' Let us take encouragement from this, and learn to be patient on dark days, and to be thankful for them even as the bright. Things do not merely happen to us. They are for a purpose.—John Irwin Blackburn.

There is an Eastern fable of a boy having challenged his teacher to prove the existence of God by working a miracle. The teacher procured a large vessel filled with earth, in which he deposited a kernel in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put a green shoot soon appeared. The shoot became a stem; the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which dropping off, left golden fruit in their place, and in the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed, 'Now I know there is a God, for I have seen His power!' The priest smiled at him, and said, 'Simple child! do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? Is it the less wonderful on that account? He is the Lord and changes not, His mercy and power are ever the same.' —The 'Quiver.'

Faith in a God who is not free to control natural forces is not the Christian faith.—T. H Wright.

Heavenly power is never furnished for earthly parade.—'Ram's Horn.'

There is more chance for a cripple on the right road than for a racer on the wrong.—D. L. Moody.

Mysteries are merely truths which are not yet disclosed.—Alexander McKenzie.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Our early information agrees with the book of Joshua in representing Palestine as divided up among a number of small city-states, each with its own king.'—'Polychrome Bible,' note, p. 47. 'This mixed population, in this small bit of territory, overrun and plundered by every crossing army for hundreds of years, was the problem which faced the invading Israelites. Separated into small clans, or centred in small cities, some of them well walled and fortified, without any central organization, or any common bond of unity, these people became an easy prey even to such an army as that with which Joshua crossed the Jordan.'—Prof. Ira M. Price, in 'The Monuments and the Old Testament.'

'The river at this place is about 100 feet wide, and the margin overflowed about 400 feet more, making about 500 feet in total width.'—'Land and Book,' new ed., I., 362, 363. Others represent the width as much greater. The English expedition down the Jordan speaks of the flood in winter as extending for the width of half a mile.—'Journal of Geological Society,' XVIII.,' 116. President Bartlett, when travelling in Palestine, found, on the 22nd of March, the Jordan 'rushing along like a mill-race, and though it had fallen from its greatest height, the proper banks of the channel were invisible, and indicated only by lines of oleanders and other shrubs and trees.'—From 'Egypt to Palestine,' p. 451.

The cause of this great amount of water is found in the melting snows of Lebanon. At some other times the river can be easily forded.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Isa. xliii., 1, 2; Matt. xxviii., 20; Psa. cvii., 4-9; lxxvii., 16; xliv., 3.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—Topic—Remember eternity! 1. John ii., 15-17, 24, 25.

C. E. Topic.

SEEKING SALVATION.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Joel's lamentation. Joel. i., 1-7.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Joel's call to prayer. Joel. i., 14-15.

Wednesday, Oct. 9.—Joel's message of hope. Joel. ii., 12, 13.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—God's call to Amos. Amos vii., 14, 15.

Friday, Oct. 11.—Amos's words of warning. Amos viii., 11, 12.

Saturday, Oct. 12.—God's promise. Amos ix., 9-15.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—Topic—Two prophets with one message. Joel. ii., 32; Amos v., 14.

Only Girls.

The teacher of girls who thinks she has no problems because she has only girls may know her lesson pretty well, but she doesn't know girls. Pretty, rosy-cheeked Mary with the heavenly eyes, whom you have always thought had tiny angel wings growing out of her shoulder blades, was caught last Sunday cheating, and when taxed with it lied with the ease and grace of Ananias. You need to lay the foundation stones of character in the heart of a girl just as carefully as you would lay them in the heart of a boy. It may not be such hard work, but the foundation stones need to be laid all the same. Girls are naturally gentle and kind, but they are not naturally honest and truthful because they are girls.—Selected.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

To Whom Shall We Give Thanks?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap,
'I thank you, Mr. Pump,' he said,
'For this nice drink you've given me.'
(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the Pump; 'My little man.
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run.'
'Oh! then,' the little fellow said
(Polite he always meant to be),
'Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.'

'Ah!' said Cold Water, 'don't thank me!
For up the hillside lives a spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing.'
'I'll thank the spring, then,' said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
'Oh! don't thank me, my little man.'
The Spring with silvery accent said.

'Oh! don't thank me, for what am I
Without the dews and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again.'
'Oh, well then,' said the little boy,
'I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew.'
'Pray don't thank us! Without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you.'

'Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me.'
'Stop,' said the Sun, with blushing face,
'My little fellow, don't thank me.
'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee.'
'O Ocean, thanks,' then said the boy.
It echoed back: 'No thanks to me!'

'Not unto me, but unto Him,
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go give thanks, my little boy —
To Him who will thy wants supply.'
The boy took off his cap and said
In tones so gentle and subdued,
'Oh, God, I thank Thee for Thy gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good.'

Manners That Make the Girl.

Many an attractive girl spoils herself in company by certain mannerisms of behavior that are objectionable. These may not actually constitute breach of etiquete in the broader sense of that term, but they are sufficient to rob the bearer of what charms she may possess, says the Philadelphia 'Record.'

Often a pretty girl loses considerable of her attractiveness by an indescribable something that grates upon one's nerves. In spite of her good looks such a girl fails to take in social circles. She may be jolly, she may be good company, but she lacks the fine polish of manner that go to make the perfect lady. There is a happy medium between the girl who is hoydenish and the young woman of demure manners, and she exists in that particular type of maiden who knows to what precise extent she may go in her most exuberant moments without offending the canons of good breeding, and who, with proper reserve, is still no prude.

The best intentions of decorum are frustrated by the girl who stands leaning upon a chair, her knee upon the seat, see-sawing back and forth in ungraceful accompaniment to her conversation. Hanging on the furniture is always bad form. A woman may stand in a doorway and make a picture for an artist, but the moment she begins to drape herself upon chairs and kneel upon sofas she becomes an ungraceful object.

To sit properly upon a chair is of itself a high art of etiquette. Crossing the knees, formerly considered a flagrant violation of good manners, is no longer under the ban since the popular illustrators of the day have begun to picture their heroines in that attitude. But in spite of the license given by the artists it is doubtful whether the indulgence of this act upon formal occasions will ever receive the sanction of society.

There are many annoying little things that a woman unconsciously does in company and which by no means improve her deportment. To drum upon the arm of a chair incessantly is not conducive to the entertainment of a caller, especially if she has nerves. It is even more annoying to pick or pull at a fan, rustle the pages of a book, snap a purse, a hundred times or so in succession, or to tap upon the floor with the foot. The mere act of swinging one foot incessantly when the knees are crossed may prove a great annoyance to others.

To sit with the feet extended is decidedly poor form, as is any position suggestive of lolling or sprawling. Sticking the feet out and resting them upon the heels, although it may be momentarily restful, is distinctly masculine and unbecoming to femininity.

Any action which could possibly be construed as indicating a feeling of boredom or ennui should be sedulously guarded against in company. To lean far forward, with the chin resting on one hand and your elbow on your knee, is a pose not calculated to inspire the caller with a sense of her own welcomeness. It need scarcely be hinted that to yawn, rub the eyes or indulge in a stretch is out of the question where good manners are at stake; but one may offend without going even so far. Highly undignified is the act of sitting with the hands back of the head.

A woman's culture may be readily judged by her laugh, by the way in which she uses her powers of facial expression, or by her walk. To throw the head back and indulge in a hearty laugh is tabooed in good society. An enjoyable laugh, when the subject is genuinely visible, is said by scientific men to contribute to good health by inducing plenty of free oxygen into the lungs. There are ample opportunities in the home circle to enjoy a spontaneous burst of mirth; formality frowns upon a laugh that causes the lips to part further than is barely sufficient to show the edges of the teeth. Too much play of expression in any direction, whether it be laughing or frowning, is suggestive of the unfinished debutante. Learn to laugh in moderation; to check a tendency toward what may savor in the least of vulgarity, and you will have accomplished much in the way of making yourself more acceptable in company.

My Bunch of Keys.

On that memorable night, some years ago, when I first surrendered myself to the Lord, who had purchased me with His blood, and was waiting to receive what He had died to win, it seemed as if I offered Him my bunch of keys, the keys of all the chambers and doorways of my heart, upon the ring of my will. Did I say 'all'? It was not quite so, for from that bunch I had carefully abstracted one small key, which fitted the lock of a little cupboard that stood on the staircase of my heart. But it was so very small, and the cupboard itself seemed so insignificant, that I could not think it mattered much.

Besides—and this was the real reason,—in that small private closet I had a secret treasure, which I knew He would not permit, were He to become aware of its presence. So soon as that key had given Him the right to open and see the contents, He would be certain to put them forth, as foreign to His reign, and to my best interests also. I was sure of that. I had tried not to think so. I had argued that what would be wrong in others could not be so in me, because of special reasons, which I thought I could plead. Still, I had long been uneasy.

When I placed that bunch of keys in the Master's hand, He looked at me with His searching eyes, and asked whether they were all there. I blushed a little, well knowing what He meant, and answered that they were all there but one, and that that was too insignificant to be worth His care.

He saw that I evaded Him, and said sadly, as He returned the keys to me: 'I cannot take them. If you do not trust me in all, you do not trust me at all. Besides, how can I keep you clean and pure while in that cupboard all manner of evil may be constantly breeding?'

I saw the truth of His words, but I thought that I could not live without the contents of that cupboard. And an evil voice encouraged me in my refusal, urging me to keep control of one department, however small, and suggesting that, if I were to surrender all, there was simply no limit to the demands that might be made on me.

On the other hand, I knew that the Master had every right to press His claims for everything, and that He wanted the entire control only that He might secure for me an entire deliverance, and fill me with His unutterable peace. So finally I called to Him, who had seemed to be receding from my view, and told Him that, whilst I was not willing to give up the tiny key (it seemed so to cling to the palm of my hand, against which it lay, beneath my clasped fingers), yet I was willing for Him to take it, if He would. And it seemed as if His face lighted with a smile of inexpressible joy, as He took my hand in His, opened the fingers one by one, as my father used to do when we played together in my childhood's days, and took the key, which had nearly separated us.

As soon as it was in His hand, He did as I expected. He went straight and unlocked the door. Then we looked in together, and He blushed for me as I for myself. Then with His own hands He took up the evil thing, and bore it without the precincts of my soul, and, instead of my dying for lack of it, to my surprise, I lost all desire, all taste, all longing, for what had previously seemed indispensable. I have often thought of it since, and marvelled, and told others that, if they will give up their will about doubtful and forbidden objects, the Lord will take away the very desire for them.

In my case He did more. He cleansed the place, opened a window in it which commands a view of the celestial city, and made the tiny place an oratory, where He often comes to meet me, filling it with the spices and balm of paradise.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Men Who Succeed.

"The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of their mortal life like men, facing smooth and rough alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb, that 'good times and all bad times pass over.'"
—Charles Kingsley.

Handsome is as Handsome Does.

A woman, famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society, once said: 'If I have been able to accomplish anything in life it is due to a word spoken to me in the right season when I was a child by my old teacher. I was the only plain, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones and being also dull at my books became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

'One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

'"What is the matter, my little girl?" she said.

'"Oh, madame, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me.

'Presently she took me to her room and, after amusing me some time, said: "I have a present for you," handing me a scaly, coarse lump covered with earth. "It is round and brown as you. 'Ugly,' did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name, then. It is you! Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

'I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight.

'"Ah," she said, significantly, "who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were

shut up in that little, rough, ugly thing? But it took heart and came up into the sun."

'It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that in spite of my ugly face, I, too, might be able to win friends and to make myself beloved in the world.'—The 'Christian World.'

Service.

Only a word of warning,
Spoken in fear;
Only a prayer at the dawning,
Only a tear.

Only a penciled letter,
Written in pain;
Only a sad one encouraged
To start again.

Only a bright 'Good morning'
To those we meet;
Only a lame one assisted
Across the street.

Only helping a schoolboy
His task to learn;
Only showing a stranger
The way to turn.

Only reading a chapter
To someone blind;
Only leaving a sparkle
Of light behind.

Only shading the window
For someone ill;
Only an offer to keep
The bairnies still.

Only placing some violets
Beside the bed;
Only the pillow turned
For the aching head.

Only showing the timid
The way to 'come;'
Only pointing the lost one
The pathway 'home.'

—Selected.

Golden Treasure.

Frederick had long golden curls. When his grandmother cut them off she almost cried. But Frederick laughed, and said, 'Grandmother, I will give you half of them and take the rest to mother.'

He wrapped the pretty curls in a piece of paper, and stuck them in his pocket.

'Do not lose them,' said grandmother.

'No, indeed,' said Frederick; 'I never lose things, grandmother.

Grandmother smiled to herself, for she had heard a very different story about the little boy. And on the way home he lost the curls.

His father laughed when he heard it, but Frederick's mother cried, and Frederick cried a little, too, for company.

One bright day, not long after this trouble, the little boy found a broken egg under the cherry tree. It was a robin's egg, small and blue, and the prettiest one he had ever seen. Up he climbed into the tree to see what had happened to the birds.

What do you think he found? A little nest all trimmed with his own yellow curls! The mother robin sat on the nest, and Frederick would not disturb her. But he called all the family out to see the queer sight.

Not long after, when the mother and father robin had moved away and left their spring home, Frederick's brother climbed up and secured the nest. The soft, yellow hair was woven in and out, and twisted in the straw, and the nest looked like a cup of gold.

Frederick's mother keeps it in a pretty box, and calls it her Golden Treasure.—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Foolish Rose.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said: 'Flowers, shake off your caterpillars.'

'Why?' said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say 'Why' when they are told to do anything.

The elder said: 'If you don't they'll gobble you up.'

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: 'O, that's a beauty; I keep that one.'

The elder overheard her and called: 'One caterpillar is enough to spoil you.'

'But,' said the rose, 'look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me.'

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered eaves.

'Alas! I don't think one caterpillar would ruin me.'

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—'Morning Star.'

A Jewel from the Jungle.

(By the Author of 'Seven Heroic Children.')

Only a peasant girl, away off in India, the land of teeming millions, who bow down to idols made of wood and stone. Only a common work-girl, where the highest of womenkind are only men's slaves, and of little use, while others are but little better than beasts of burden. She is sad and thoughtful. Her father had forsaken them years before, and her mother, too poor to get her married, had allowed her to grow to womanhood without the Hindu farce of wedlock. And because she was grown and unmarried, she was all but an outcast.

Her mother was now trying to sell her to any man who would take her. How could she escape such a fate? was the question often in Bindu's mind. She was carrying bricks one day, with other women, when she saw a missionary lady pass by with Bible and hymn-book in hand. A longing to know the sweet-faced woman, so different in dress and looks from those about her, and a desire to hear the words she was reading, caused Bindu to leave her work and draw near. The words that fell from the missionary's lips were like water to her thirsty soul; and she came again and again. Soon she poured out her story of sorrow to the missionary: 'After hearing God's commands, how dare I go into such a life as my mother is planning for me? Do take me away to school, where I, too, can learn to read.'

After further teaching, she became firmer in her purpose. The relatives became concerned, and took her away for some time, trying to settle her in life. But everything failed, and Bindu returned home, saying: 'The Lord has fought for me. I am sure he will open the way for me to become a Christian.'

The missionary was going on sick leave. The morning she left Bindu came and said: 'If you do not take me now, you will not find me when you come back.'

Her friends, mother and brother, were sent for, and she declared her purpose before them all. Her older brother said she was of age (sixteen), and could do as she pleased. So she came away, and was put in our school. She dearly loved her mother, and the parting was severe; for a few days she was homesick and unhappy. One day I asked her: 'Bindu, why did you leave your people and come here?'

'I came to find Jesus about whom I had heard; and to learn to read, so that I might read His Word.'

'Yes, and when you find Jesus, He will take all this homesickness and unrest out of your heart and give you His peace.'

She attended all the meetings until it was our day for fasting and prayer. In the early morning meeting Bindu was the first of a number of girls who avowed their determination to seek Jesus that day. God's Spirit was present, and worked in many hearts. What a blessed day we had! At three o'clock, in our praise service, the first one to rise was Bindu. With a face beaming with joy, she said:

I have found Jesus.

He has taken all the sin and sorrow away, and filled my heart with peace.'

And the girl who had been taught all her life to worship idols now stood before us a saved soul. I shall never forget her face. Many were touched by her looks and with her simple testimony. From that day Bindu was a changed girl. She had victory in her life, and in our meeting was always ready with a sweet testimony for Jesus. At one time she said: 'My heart is full of God's blessing. I have but one sorrow, and that is to see the other girls reading their Bibles when I can't.'

At another meeting she said: 'I have had such a blessing to-day; and God has told me in my heart that He will bring my mother and brothers from Hinduism to serve God. Now, girls, pray that He may bring them soon.'

We were all so impressed with her face, as

More Tributes to our Premiums.

To be earned by selling the popular National Illustrated Monthly at 10 cents a copy,

I received the jack-knife and ame very pleased to get it. I don't see how you can give such a premium. J. N. ARCHIBALD, L——, Ont.

I received the camera all right and like it very much. F. SLOGGETT, D——, Ont.

I received my watch, and was very glad because it is a little dandy. LEO A. LOUKS, H——, Ont.

I received my pen last week in good condition, and think it is a beauty. MAY MORRIS, H——, Ont.

I received the fountain pen in due time, and I was much pleased with the premium. ALBERT LONGLEY, P——, N.S.

I received the watch some time since. I am very much pleased with it and do not know how you can give such a handsome premium for such a small amount of work. You have my sincere thanks. ARTHUR MATHESON, D——, P.E.I.

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I received my watch on Wednesday evening, and I think it is a beauty. BERT BALL, C——, Ont.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the watch you sent me. I think it is a real beauty. It keeps good time, and don't know how you can give them away for so little money. PERCY OLIVER, A——, P.E.I.

Any reader of this advt. may earn similar premiums in the same way. Write us a postcard to-day for a package to start on, with letter of instructions. Pay when sold. We trust you.

October and November will each contain 32 pages.

The fine Christmas Number is already in course of preparation. Those who want to be sure of that number on basis of 'pay when sold,' must sell October and November first. Besides, you want to work up a good round of customers, so that you can do a big business with the Christmas Number, which will be larger and finer than anything yet, and of which many of your customers will want several copies to send to friends at a distance. Watch for further announcements.

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well as her words, that we knelt at once, and united our prayers with hers, for the Lord to go to that Hindu mother and brother and lead them to forsake idols and come to Christ. Next morning a lady who had known her and her family called and asked to see her. I sent for her, and she told Bindu that her brother had joined the class of inquirers, and that her mother was coming to the mission house for instruction. Bindu clapped her hands and almost leaped for joy. She said to the other girls: 'Ah, the Lord has heard before we asked Him.'

Soon after her mother and brother came to see her, and, eating with her, broke their caste. They remained several days with us. Bindu brought her mother to every meeting, and, in her own simple way, spent much time in teaching her. When the mother was leaving to return to her village, she sent for me and said: 'I have seen Bindu for myself, and she has found something that none of us have; and I want to have that same peace. And when Bindu is baptized I want to be, too.'

Bindu remained in school, studying hard, that she might learn to read. In sickness and in health she has manifested the greatest patience and wonderful faith in God. She asked to confess her Saviour in baptism, feeling she must not wait, but could better help her family afterwards. She was very happy after her baptism, and said: 'Now I must work and pray till my friends and relatives all become Christians.'

She has since been back to her village, and met with much opposition from some. But let us pray with Bindu until her whole family shall become Christians. Yes, until the many girls and women of India shall know the blessed joy and peace in Jesus which Bindu has found. How many of these women are waiting for someone to tell them! Who will go to them? Who will say: 'Here am I; send me?'—Ada Lee, in the 'Christian.'

Animal Existence.

There are a number of us creep
  Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
  But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
  And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
  Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their places,
  And swallow corn and carcasses,
  Then if their tombstone, when they die,
  Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
  There's nothing better will be said
  Than that 'they've eat up all their bread,
  Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed.'
—Watts.

The Habit of Daintiness.

It is surprising how many young business girls there are who give very little attention to their personal appearances. If a girl has long hours or other duties in the evenings, she can still keep herself and her clothes neat and tidy by giving 15 minutes to the process every night regularly.

Take the stitch in time. Look over the hem of your skirt, and see to the tiny rip in your gloves before it reaches the stage where it cannot be mended.

A few drops of ammonia added to a bowl of soapsuds and a good whisk broom will work wonders with the skirt that has grown dingy and grey from dust. Take 15 minutes a night for any of the little things that will tend to better your appearance, and you may be sure you will be gratified with the result at the week's end.

Daintiness and cleanliness are things within the reach of all.—Otago 'Witness.'

Being Above One's Work.

'I certainly can not understand Mrs. Warren, the girl said, her pretty brows lifted, half in perplexity, half in disdain, as she watched the neighbor going home 'cross lots.' 'She is so quick-witted. You'd think she'd care for the best things—books and culture and all that—but she really seems to enjoy her housework and cooking more than anything else in the world. You saw how she was just now, as delighted over that new salad recipe you gave her as I should have been over a new thought.'

The older woman, the girl's hostess, laughed as if something amused her; but tenderly, too, for she loved the girl. 'Why shouldn't she enjoy her work first and most?' she asked. 'It is what she is put into the world to do.'

'But the kind of work,' the girl protested, 'just common cooking and dish-washing! She might have thoughts above it.'

'What would you think of a lighthouse keeper who had "thoughts above" cleaning lamps?'

'Oh, but that's different!' the girl said quickly. 'That's a matter of life and death to others.'

Her friend shook her head. 'No, dear; it isn't different. The task God puts into one's hands always demands joy and enthusiasm to be done as he wants it done. The problem is not one of having thoughts above one's work but of lifting one's work to the level of one's greatest thoughts. Do you see?'—'Forward.'

Read With Attention.

A great many persons dawdle over books as they do over sweeping a floor, or buying a ribbon, or as men usually clean a street. A person can look lazily over a page, and not know a word there is on it. A boy can spend an hour over a few lines of Latin, when, if he would put his mind on it, he might learn it in fifteen minutes. A woman can spend a day arranging her rooms, when an hour's steady work ought to complete the task. A girl can spend a half-day saving three cents a yard, or hoping to do so, by looking in every store and worrying clerks, when her afternoon ought to be worth ten times the amount saved. A listless way of doing things is hurtful to mind or body. One should play, read, or labor with earnestness, and then rest. It was said of Edmund Burke, the great Irish statesman, that he read every book as if he were never to see it a second time. Rufus Choate's great power as a lawyer was in his concentration upon the subject in hand. He scarcely ate or slept until his case was decided. Guizot, the French historian, was so eager for reading, even when a boy, that you could pull his hair or pinch his arm without his seeming at all conscious, so absorbed was he in his books. It is said that sometimes the boys pulled off his coat tails while he kept reading. Daniel Webster said: 'I had so few books that to read them over once or twice was nothing. I thought they were all to be got by heart. When a half-hour, or an hour at most, had elapsed, I closed my book and thought on what I had read.' Dr. Noah Porter says this attention is gained partly by asking yourself, 'Why do I read this book? To help me in business? To make me intelligent?'

The Better Way.

'I'm never going to speak to Dorothy Winship again! I asked her how my hair looked, and she said it looked awful, and that made me mad. And I told her it looked better than hers; and then she got mad. So I'm never going to speak to her again, never!'

MARJORY.

This important declaration was imparted to Aunt Beth, as Marjory was starting to school. Aunt Beth had learned from long experience that silence was golden. So she only gave Marjory a larger apple than usual, and whispered, 'Be a good girl, dearest,' and went back into the house.

Marjory's books were heavy, and she felt dull and headachy, having spent the morning and evening reading instead of studying. And even the delight of meeting Sarah McFlynn, and so having a chance for saying unpleasant things about Dorothy, did not seem to relieve headache much.

As she went into the schoolroom, she glanced at Dorothy, and noticed that her eyes were red, and that she had probably been crying. She also noticed that Dorothy had neglected her lessons, too, and by recess they each had one hour's time to make up after school.

Marjory lingered in the hall at recess to sharpen her pencil, and then went to get her jacket. There in the pocket she spied a tiny note, and this what she read:

'Terrible sorry,
  Awful blue;
If you'll forgive me,
  I'll love you.—Dot.'

P.S.—I put a kiss in each of your pockets. —D.'

A few minutes later Aunt Beth saw Marjory and Dorothy having the big, red apple, and chattering like magpies. She kept her counsel at dinner time, however, and only patted Marjory's cheek softly when she whispered to her, 'I think Dorothy Winship is the sweetest girl in school!'—'Home Herald.'

Rhyming.

Many good people now when invited to dine,
Think it's far better form not to drink any—,

And when they unite in the company's cheer,
Best enjoy their good dinner without any——,

And if to their homes they invite you to come,
You'll see no such things as decanters of——;

You can have a good time and be gay and frisky
Without hurting your stomach with the rank poison ——.

And should they imagine you look thin and pale,
They'd ne'er recommend daily glasses of ——,
For they know that if once you begin
You'll want something stronger like —— or ——. ——.

They teach the dear children ever so small
To refuse every drink which contains ——;
And this to their toast, for son and for daughter,
'I'll drink to your health in a glass of cold—!'

—Selected.

The Men that Are Wanted.

'The lines are closing up against the man who drinks. Employers everywhere are realizing that the employee who gives a part of himself over to slavery of liquor is not the man they want. They want a full man, not part of one, not one who is a man only part of the time, but one who is a whole man with his full senses all the time.

'It is becoming more and more imperative every year that the man who has services to sell should recognize these facts. The school of experience is a hard one, but it teaches thoroughly. And herein we shall find a valuable ally in advancing the reform:

Suppose a great many good men and women went to Pennsylvania to preach against intemperance among miners. They might convert temporarily a few. The temperate men would listen to them kindly. The intemperate men would probably never hear them. But when the mine owners, acting in accord with the unions and with the unions' support, refuse to employ an intemperate miner—then temperance work in the mines begins in earnest.

You may tell a man that his drinking ruins his family and himself. He knows it, but still he drinks. When the companies and his fellow-workmen realize that the drunken miner, through his carelessness, endangers all others—then the laws of life step in, and reform begins. The intemperate miner may not listen to the preacher, but he has got to listen to the man that takes his name off the payroll and tells him he can't get on again until he stops drinking.

And so it is in Chicago, where many employers have agreed not to keep on their payrolls young men clerks and others that drink excessively, smoke cigarettes or gamble on the races.

Good men and women may vee up their voices in telling the young clerk that the gambler is a fool and must lose, that the cigarette in time is a certain poison, that whiskey cheats the brain and ruins life. This talking and writing by the good is not without effect. It saves some men strong in character and open to argument. But it only calls out the self-confident smile or sneer of the average young clerk who thinks that he can take care of himself.

When that young clerk is told that he will not be needed after next Saturday because he bets on the races, because he smokes cigarettes, because he is seen drunk in doubtful company, and because the employer does not care for that type of man—THEN the young clerk's superior smile vanishes. When he draws his pay, and goes home without work, he actually KNOWS that gambling and whiskey and cigarettes are bad things. And he finds it out in time to reform, if he has brains enough to reform. What the average young man needs is a failure, a peremptory discharge, to make him think seriously before it is too late for thinking to do him any good.—'National Advocate.'

A Corner on Smoke.

Cigarettes often contain the following poisons: nicotine, arsenic, creosote, saltpeter, tonca flavoring, opium.

When the 'Coming Man' appears he will not have a cigar in his mouth, nor between his first and second fingers.

George Terrence, Superintendent of the State Reformatory, Illinois, says: 'Cigarettes are not the effect of crime, they are the cause of it.'

When a boy finds out why policemen, carconductors, motormen, clerks, etc., are not allowed to smoke when on duty, he has found an all-sufficient reason for never touching tobacco.

The cigarette is made, in most cases, of drugged tobacco. Opium is the chief drug used, a fact testified to by all who investigate. Cigarette smoking is another form of the opium habit.

'If I Had Kept My Promise.'

The Remorseful Cry of a Condemned Prisoner.

When W. Burns Thomson, known throughout Scotland as the medical missionary, was a young man prosecuting his medical studies, he was assistant-chaplain of the Edinburgh prison. There, many strange and sad experiences in the lives of convicts came to his knowledge. The following, told by himself and included in his biography by Mr. Maxwell, shows how one mistake in conduct may prove fatal to character, and even to life itself.

Mr. Thomson was leaving Calton Gaol one afternoon, when the Governor, stepping from a group of officials, said to him:

'Please wait; we are expecting a heavy sentence.'

In a short time the gates were opened, and the police-van came in. When the clatter of the bolts had ceased, a prisoner stepped out of the van. After glancing for a moment at the papers handed to him, the governor whispered to Mr. Thomson one word:

'Death!'

After the man was taken to his cell, the young chaplain went to see him. When the warden had left the cell, the prisoner looked earnestly at his visitor and said:

'So you don't know me?'

'I do not recall having seen you before,' was the reply.

'But I remember you!' the prisoner exclaimed, so bitterly that the chaplain wondered for a moment whether he could ever have done him an injury. Almost immediately the condemned man broke into a paroxysm of grief, wringing his hands, and crying:

'Oh, if I had kept my promise! If I had only kept my promise, I should not be here today!'

He was a typical British tar, with a free hand and a generous heart when he was sober. Under the influence of liquor he had quarrelled with his wife, and had pushed her downstairs to her death.

It seems that three years previous to his trial and conviction for murder he had been sentenced to thirty days in prison because of a drunken row. Then he attended the prison meetings held by Mr. Thomson, who, after one of these gatherings, took the sailor into his private room, prayed with him, and then warned him earnestly against drink. The murderer now told the chaplain this, and ended his confession in these words:

'I promised you faithfully that I would give it up, and so I did for a while, but it came back on me. Since then I have been all around the world, and to think that I am here, and that it has come to this!' Then followed an outburst of agony and the plaintive wail, 'Oh, if I had kept my promise!'

This for weeks was his remorseful refrain until the moment of his execution.

'Oh, if I had kept my promise!' is the silent wail of many a ruined life.—'Good Words.'

A Death Sentence.

'As the professor of microscopy in one of our medical colleges entered the office of a manufacturing optician in the city, a gentleman of wealth and culture was just going out with a cigar between his lips. He was an amateur, and had just selected a valuable microscope, using as a test object, a drop of blood from his own finger. The instrument was still adjusted, and the slide still beneath the lens. The professor carefully examined it, while the optician looked on with interest and surprise. "That gentleman," he said, "is one of our best customers, and buys more from us than half a dozen professors." "And is this," asked the other, "a drop of his blood?" The optician replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the professor, "tell your best customer if you can do so without impertinence, that unless he stops smoking at once he has not many months to live." But he did not stop; and a few weeks later he went to Europe, thinking a sea-voyage might recruit his wasted energies; in less than two months his death was announced from Paris, where the doctors styled his disease a general breaking up of his constitution.'—New York 'Times.'

October 'Canadian Pictorial'

A brown October maid, matching the tints of the waning season, looks out from the cover of the current issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' (142 St. Peter street, Montreal). She is a truly Canadian, healthy, out-of-doors girl, and leaning on her rifle, is proud of the trophies of the hunt which she has secured. The Canadian public man of the Month is the Hon. G. P. Graham, the new Minister of Railways. As promised last month there are two pages of gems from the recent photographic competition. The terrible disaster near Quebec, in which more than three score and ten men lost their lives, is strikingly illustrated. The distorted ruins of the massive steel of which the bridge was composed are shown with wonderful clearness. The stirring events in Morocco have made specially interesting two pages illustrating the Sultan's army and navy, the latter consisting only of two merchant vessels. This is in sharp contrast to a page showing Britain's naval power as demonstrated in a review which brought out 85,000 officers and men who, with their vessels, made twenty-miles of frowning might. There is an intimate picture of the King as he is now and another taken in Canada forty-seven years ago. Those who contributed to the Chinese famine fund will be interested in a page showing how the refugees lived before the new crops were harvested. The riots in Belfast, the great pageants in England, and other current events are depicted. The woman's department includes seasonable furs, autumn millinery, rainy day dress and many other interesting features. The magazine has been enlarged considerably this month.

Ten cents a copy, one dollar a year postpaid to any part of the world

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John Dougall and Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Sleepy Little School.

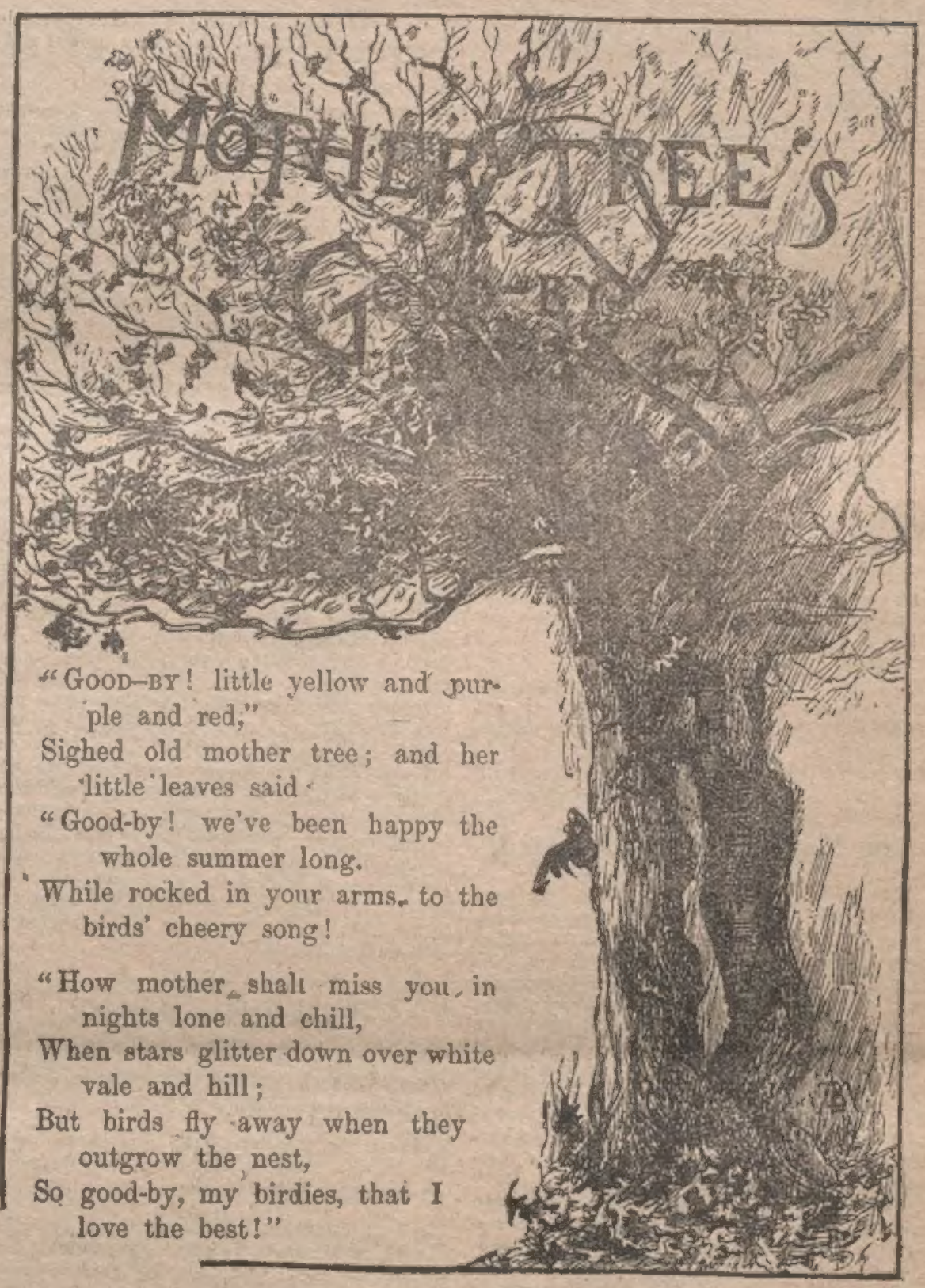
'A funny old professor kept a school
for little boys,
'And he'd romp with them in play-
time, and he wouldn't mind their
noise;
'And in his little schoolroom, with
its head against the wall,
Was a bed of such proportions it
was big enough for all.

'It's for tired little pupils,' he ex-
plained; for you will find
How very wrong indeed it is to
force a budding mind.
Whenever one grows sleepy and he
can't hold up his head,
I make him lay his primer down
and send him off to bed.

'And sometimes it will happen on a
warm and pleasant day,
When the little birds upon the trees
go tooral-looral-lay,
When wideawake and studious it is
difficult to keep,
One by one they'll get a nodding
till the whole class is asleep.

'Then before they're all in dream-
land and their funny snores
begin,
I close the shutters softly, so the
sunlight can't come in;
'After which I put the school books
in their order on the shelf;
'And, with nothing else to do, I take
a little nap myself.'

—'St. Nicholas.'



"GOOD-BY! little yellow and pur-
ple and red,"
Sighed old mother tree; and her
little leaves said
"Good-by! we've been happy the
whole summer long.
While rocked in your arms, to the
birds' cheery song!

"How mother shall miss you, in
nights lone and chill,
When stars glitter down over white
vale and hill;
But birds fly away when they
outgrow the nest,
So good-by, my birdies, that I
love the best!"

—'Little One's Annual,' published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

Who Picked the Blackberries?

(By Emma C. Dowd.)

'Mildred, have you been picking blackberries again?'

'O, Aunt Emily, I have not touched one since you spoke to me about it.'

Mildred's aunt looked at her keenly. 'Somebody has picked them,' she said, 'and I don't see who it is!'

'Well, it truly isn't I,' Mildred replied, and her glance wandered off across the room to where her little cousin, Vida, was eating her breakfast of muffins and honey. Suddenly there came to her mind the remembrance of stains that she had seen yesterday on Vida's fingers, and she wondered if—but Aunt Emily's voice broke sharply in:

'I know it isn't Vida; she has never given us a mite of trouble in any such way. She doesn't care enough about fruit to pick it for herself.'

Mildred did not reply. She felt that her aunt distrusted her, and she was troubled. She had always been in the habit of gathering fruit whenever she chose, and now that Aunt Emily, with little Vida, had come to keep house while mother was gone it had not occurred to her that she could not keep on in the old way. When, however, the week before, Aunt Emily had reproved her for picking berries without permission and told her never to do such a thing again, she had not a thought of disobedience.

In the course of the forenoon Mildred was reading in the hammock when she caught sight of something that looked like a little frock down among the berry bushes. Noiselessly she sped over the lawn and through the garden, till she stood beside her cousin.

The little one looked up with a scared face. 'Don't tell,' she pleaded.

'No, I won't tell,' answered Mildred, 'but what makes you pick them? You know your mamma wants them for jam.'

Vida hung her head, her fingers on a berry. 'I like blackberries,' she said.

'So do I,' answered Mildred, 'but if Aunt Emily doesn't want me to pick them, I'm not going to, and I wish you wouldn't.'

'I won't,' promised Vida, and she walked away, holding fast to her cousin's hand.

'Somebody's been at those berries again,' said Aunt Emily, at dinner. 'There were some big ones up this end, and now they're gone.' She looked curiously at her neice.

It was hard for Mildred to keep back the words that would free her from suspicion; but she did not want to be a telltale, so she was bravely silent.

Meantime little Vida's face was hot with guilt. She felt very miserable indeed. She knew well

enough that she ought to tell mamma all about it, but she was afraid. When, however, mamma said to Mildred, 'I hope you are not an untruthful girl,' and Mildred answered earnestly, 'I have not touched a single berry, Auntie,' Vida could bear it no longer, and bursting into tears she wailed out: 'I — picked 'em — myself!'

Then how amazed and sorrowful Aunt Emily was! The little culprit, gathered close in mamma's arms, was given such a talk as she will never forget.

As for Mildred, she was glad that she had not yielded to the temptation to tell of her little cousin's wrongdoing, and very happy in her aunt's love and confidence.—'Sunday School Advocate.'

Conundrums.

Do you chance to know
A cow that could blow
Her horns if she wanted to?
Have you ever seen
In a meadow green
A horse take off his shoe?
Are there any small girls
With long, thick curls,
Who the cock's red comb have feared?
Did you ever hark
To a big dog's bark
That came from a white birch tree?
Can you often tell
From his scales how well
A fish may sing in the sea?
—The 'Youth's Companion.'

The Match That Wanted to be Struck.

The box of matches had been left on the mantlepiece. One of the matches was poking its little red head out of the box when Clara spied it. She was alone in the nursery, dressed ready to go to a birthday party that afternoon, and she was nursing her doll 'Angelina, to pass the time until her mother was ready to take her.

If Clara had not looked up just then, the match would probably have been content to be silent, but now it called out:

'Strike me, oh, oh, please strike me! You would be surprised how easy it is.'

But Clara had always been told, 'Whatever you do, you must not touch the matches,' and she knew that it would not only be dangerous to do so, but also disobedient.

So she hung back, there was longing in her eyes. The match saw this and went on to tempt her.

'You are not such a small child that you need be afraid. Surely you are clever enough to strike me without hurting yourself! Here am I, imprisoned in this little bit of wood. Take me out, and I will have a fine game with you.'

The water in the jug on the table sparkled with excitement.

'Playing with fire is a terrible game,' it cried in a clear voice. 'Children had far better have nothing to do with matches. Fire is all very well when kept under control behind iron bars; but once let it out, and no ogre or dragon in a fairy-tale is half such a devouring monster.'

'Some of us may be very bad,' said the match, 'but I would not hurt any one.'

'Do not trust it,' said the water; 'they are all alike.'

'They all look alike,' said Clara.

'That is why they are called matches,' chimed in the clock.

'I should like to strike one,' said the doll Angelina.

'I cannot strike one just now,' said the clock; 'but I can strike three—dong! dong! dong!'

'I was not speaking to you,' said Angelina.

'You know what Angelina meant,' said the match to the little girl. 'You have more sense than that stupid clock, who misunderstands one on purpose.'

'Oh, don't touch, don't touch, or you will be burnt to death!' cried the water.

Clara paid no attention. She laid Angelina down on the floor, and, mounting a stool, took down the matches.

There was really very little excuse for her, for it was in the face of most excellent advice.

'S-t-r-i-k-e!'

The little wooden match burst into wild, joyful flame. Clara twirled it round and round in her fingers, giving it the appearance of beautiful fireworks, until it ungratefully burnt her fingers. She flung it on the floor, and the wicked red tongues of flame seized hold of her new frock, ready to devour her, too, and laughed and roared while she stood stock still with fright.

'Pour me over the fire, and I will put it out! Only pour me over, and I will save you!' cried the water.

And now at last Clara listened. She quickly threw the contents of the jug over the blaze.

'Fire, fire, drink water!' cried all the other matches in the box.

'Water, water, quench fire!' cried the clock.

Fortunately the water gained the battle, though, if once the fire had gained a little more strength, or if the water had not been at hand, it might have been that Clara had died a terrible death.

And Angelina—what of her? It was she who suffered for her little mother's disobedience. The lighted match had fallen from Clara's fingers upon the poor doll, and left nothing of her but a little heap of ashes. There was a great hole in Clara's new frock, too, so of course there was no party for her that afternoon; but that was nothing to the cruel loss of Angelina.

'Dreadful mischief always hatches
'When young children play with matches,'
ticked the clock.—C. A. Mercer, in 'Little Folks.'

Missionary Fruit.

(Action Song for Six Little Girls, each with a Mission Box in Hand.)

This is a funny fruit you see.
It did not grow on any tree,
But it has seeds which rattle round;
Just hear the merry, cherry sound!

(All rattle mite-boxes.)

We cannot eat the seeds, you know,
And in our gardens they'll not grow;
But yet, they'll grow in other lands
When planted by our faithful hands.

Now shall I tell this riddle queer?
Ha'pence and pence are found in here.
These are the seeds we try to sow,
And wondrous things from them will grow.

Sometimes a school in China starts
From what we sow with willing hearts.
Sometimes a baby's life we save,
And then how glad we are we gave!

Then out in India—you should see
How little girls as small as we
Are shut within zenana walls.
Where scarce a ray of sunlight falls!

But even there these seeds will grow.

The flowers and fruit are sure, if slow.
God cares for that — He sees the need,
We only have to sow the seed.

No soil so hard, so dry, so cold,
But we will gain a hundredfold,
If this good seed we scatter wide
That it may fall on every side.

(In concert.)

Then help us fill these boxes small;
Pennies we're sure to get from all.
—'Daybreak.'

Correspondence

P., N.B.

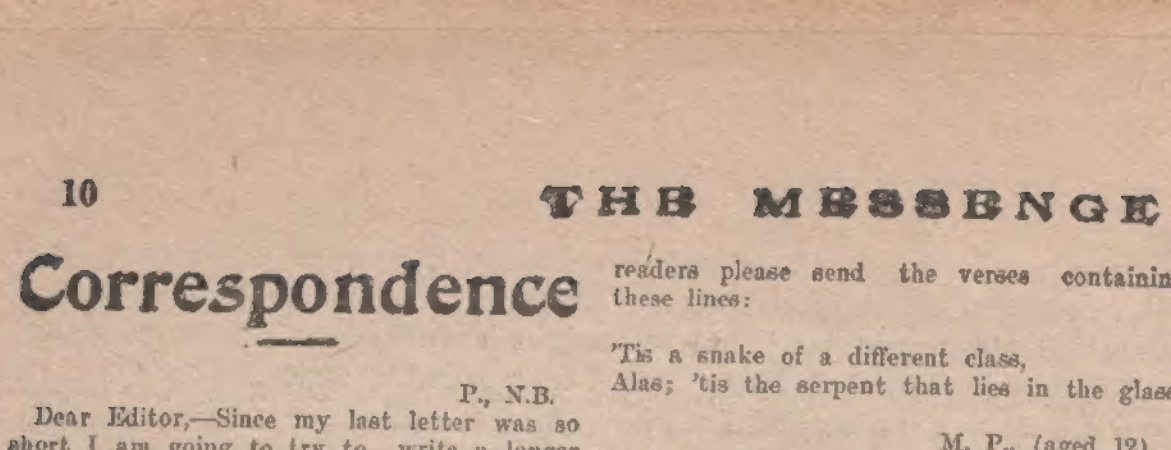
Dear Editor,—Since my last letter was so short I am going to try to write a longer one. I live in a country place about ten miles from the nearest town. It is a pretty place here in summer, but it is awfully lonesome. We have quite a large farm, and there is a lot of work to be done. I go to school, and am in the third book. I am not very strong, and have missed quite a lot of time from school. We had a new schoolhouse built last fall, and we have only a quarter of a mile to go.

SARAH I. SOBEY.

[Glad to hear from you again, Sarah. Wasn't the longer letter worth while?—Ed.]

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy twelve years old, and I am in grade two. I live over a mile from school, but often run all the way. I saw a skunk last Friday, and threw a stone at it, but missed it. My sister Florence organized



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Street Car.' Bruce McKinnon, Toronto.
2. 'A Little Maid.' Saida Wright (aged 11), H., Ont.
3. 'Our Pig.' B. V. H. C. (aged 10), Forest Glen, N.B.
4. 'Sail Boat,' Myrtle Sider (aged 13), S., Ont.
5. 'Sweet Corn.' Mabel Shoup, W., Ont.
6. 'A Rose.' M. H. M., sent in by Archie Erie.
7. 'Our Grocer.' Alexander S. Murray (aged 12), E. N.S.
8. 'A House.' Sadie Lyons (aged 6), F. P., N.S.
9. 'Maud.' Lena B. Hicks, M.S., N.S.
10. 'Apple Leaf.' Ida M. Wilkins (aged 10), J., Ont.
11. 'On the Hay Stack.' Dorothea Lyons, F.P., N.S.
12. 'Prairie Dog.' S. Jackson, G. B., Ont.
13. 'A Little Girl.' Laura Whelpton (aged 12), H., Ont.

readers please send the verses containing these lines:

'Tis a snake of a different class,
Alas; 'tis the serpent that lies in the glass.

M. P., (aged 12).

[The paper patterns enclosed are very pretty.—Ed.]

D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years of age. This is holiday time, and I am glad. Last summer, in the holidays, I went to visit some cousins. I was there a week, and had a fine time. I don't think I can go this summer, but I should like to. The answer to Etta Riebel's riddle (July 26), is cat.

BLUE EYES.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Since you think I ought to have a lot to write about, I will try and write a longer letter. We have two bantam hens for pets; one of them set on two eggs, but one of the chickens died, and she is going around with one chicken now. Three of our

M. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger' at my grandfather's in Ontario. I am twelve years old. I live in Winnipeg, and like the city very well. My grandfather runs the waterworks for this town. I hav. visited Toronto, Ottawa, Smith's Falls, and several other places. I have one brother, and no sisters.

CORA DOUGLAS.

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am taking music lessons and going to school at the same time. I was away spending my holidays, and got the present of a camera, but have not taken many pictures yet. Here is a riddle: What is it that won't freeze?

FLORENCE J. MURRAY (aged 13).

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I am in grade five. I have a garden, and the cows are eating the sunflowers. My school books are a reader, a health reader, and a geography.

FOSTER S. MURRAY.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Foster.—Ed.]

D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl thirteen years of age. I have been away two months, and arrived home a few days ago. I like to read the 'Messenger,' so thought I would write a letter to put in with the rest. I go bathing with my sister once a week. I live on a hill, and have a very good view of the surrounding country. My father is a farmer, but he is away at the present time driving mail.

AMELIA D. LEMOND.

J., Ont.

Dear Sir,—I am a little girl ten years old, and I have three sisters. I had three brothers, but two died. We like to visit our grandpa and grandma. My papa works on the railroad. We have a cat and two kitties. We call them Pussy andw Peat and Tab.

IDA M. WILKINS.

B. L., Alta.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would write now. I don't go to school now, as I have to stay home and rake the hay. It is snowing to-day, and as I can't rake the hay, I'll write to you. It has been very cold and frosty this summer. All the grain is frozen. I have three sisters and two brothers. Two of my sisters are in Calgary now. My big brother is going to the mountains with my uncle this winter. My uncle has seventy-two sheep and six horses. I will close with a riddle: I went to town on Friday, a week ago last Friday, I came home yesterday on the same Friday?

GRIMUR GRIMSON (age 12).

a club of ten, so we get the 'Messenger' at half-price. I will send some riddles:

1. When is a cow not a cow?
2. Why does a cow go over a hill?

ALEXANDER MURRAY.

G., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—My brother George takes the 'Messenger,' and we enjoy reading the stories and letters very much. I am nine years old. I go to school every day, and am in the second reader. I did not go all last winter, as I was sick with a sore throat. The schoolhouse is just an acre from here. School opened yesterday, and I am sure all the scholars were very glad.

We have a black dog named Jeff, and a dear little grey kitten named Budge. I am taking music lessons on the organ, and I can play 'The Lawn Party,' and a few other pieces. Our summer will soon be over, then the long, cold winter commences again. The raspberries are ripe now, and we have great fun when we go picking them; the last time we went we got over a gallon, in less than an hour. I go to Sunday School every Sunday that it is fine. We have about a mile to walk.

MAIDA E. ATCHESON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been to school one year, but also studied at home. I live near a school now, and have a good teacher. I have no sister, and my brothers are not at home. For pets I have two cats and a dog. I draw the dog on my little waggon. He likes the fun as well as I. I picked ten dollars worth of berries this season. Will some of the uncles stay here, and one of them has a horse, so there are two horses here. I like to go on horseback. I go sideways, bare-backed. All my sisters can go on horseback, and they like it very much. There is no river near here, but there is quite a large brook. We went fishing this summer, and had a splendid time.

CAROLINE I. SOBEY.

[A very good letter, Caroline, ever so much more 'newsy' than your first; don't you think so yourself?—Ed.]

B., N'fl'd.

Dear Editor,—I have seen very few letters from Newfoundland in your paper, so I thought I would write one. My home is in St. John's (the capital), but at present, I am at B., spending my summer holidays. I am 12 years old. I have a brother and sister both older than myself.

DONALD FRASER.

S. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm five miles from the railway station. I have three brothers and six sisters. I like to read the letters from other girls and boys. I like New Ontario very much, and the climate also. I have seen a number of wild animals, a moose, a lynx, a porcupine, and a bear. We have only one cow, and just a few hens. I think I will close with a riddle, as other boys and girls do. When does a man's hair resemble a packing box? I do not know whether you should send the answer or not, but I will send it any way.

DAISY HAYWARD.

[Yes, Daisy, if you want your riddles to go in you must be sure to send the answers.—Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

Laura Whelpton, H., Ont., has been visiting her 'Aunty.' Did you enjoy the party you mention, Laura.

Saida Wright, H., Ont., says, 'I have one brother who is married, and has two little children. I have never seen them, but hope I will soon.'

Wilhelmina MacPherson, B.S.I., N.S., has two little brothers who go to school with her. Keep you busy, don't they, Wilhelmina? By the way, do they call you all your name at once?

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HOUSEHOLD.

Our Neighbors.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand:
Faith, hope and courage together are gone:
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle to guide him, a beacon fire light;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong,
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song,
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy for time fleth fast;
Soon it will all be gone,
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.

—Waif.

Never too Busy to be Kind.

Never be so busy that you cannot be kind. No matter how rushed you may be, nor how many things are crowding upon your time, be courteous and kind and considerate.

It isn't as wearing on the nerves to be genial and courteous as it is to be churlish and rude, when you are on the hurry-and-drive path from morning until night.

A buoyant word—a brief smile—a nod of recognition, all these little things that do not interfere with attention to duty, are of large importance in making the world's bulk of good cheer.

You may never know what harm an indifference may work—what despair a rebuff may brew. Your pulse of irritation under pressure of obligations might be the last feather-weight to flame an oppressed soul into desperation.

Be kind—no matter if you are on the honest run to catch your interests in life. While you run, let your fleeting presence prove a blessing to those whom you must pass in the race to reach the goal. Leave behind you a trail of golden remembrances of words and smiles of good cheer that have cost you nothing at all in self-sacrifice or money or physical strength or mental effort.

The Ethics of Visiting.

'I never expect to pay another visit, if I can help it,' said a city woman. 'I have graduated from that sort of thing long ago. Whenever I go I always go to a hotel, where I can have my own hours and my own times and all the extra service I may need. I do not want guests in my own house and I have done with being a guest in anybody's else's.'

Some of the women who listened assented to this new and independent doctrine. 'It tires me dreadfully to make a visit,' said one; 'and the last guest-room I was in was so elaborately neat that I couldn't take an afternoon nap for fear of disarranging the bed. One afternoon when I couldn't hold out any longer I slept on the floor. You needn't laugh! —if you had seen the guest-room you would have understood that it was no joke to live up to it.'

'Well,' said the third, 'I love to have company staying in my house and I love to visit, too, when I have the time. And I hate hotels. They're a great deal more comfortable than most homes, in a way, and yet they sap one's moral fiber, ruin one's digestion, and haven't any real comfort about them. You talk about living up to a guest-room; but, on the other hand, when one lives down to a hotel-room it is most demoralizing. I find it a moral tonic to be a guest myself,' she concluded, with a laugh.

A quiet woman in the corner spoke up. 'I always like to have my girls pay visits now and then,' she said. 'They come home with their manners unconsciously brushed up and with new cake recipes and more consideration for the servants. And I don't think they give much trouble, for I have insisted on their forming, both of them, the habit of reading. A guest that likes to read is very little in the way.'

'Don't speak of that,' said the first woman, with a shudder. 'I have had guests who never read a line, not even the newspaper. Occasionally they wrote letters, but for the most part of every day they were waiting, with open minds, for amusement. One distant relative, who stayed with me two weeks and wrote only three letters, left me on the verge of nervous prostration. I think that every one who ever expects to go visiting should wear a placard plainly inscribed: "I can read."'

'Why not have a diploma?' said the second woman. 'A trained guest would be a charming form of girl graduate. "This is to certify that Miss —— is font of reading, and can read aloud pleasantly; can and does carry on a large correspondence; is fond of passing an hour or so every day in her own room; has a healthy appetite for ordinary food—"'

'Yes, indeed, that ought to be part of the training,' broke in the third speaker; 'the last girl that visited my daughter was the only child of wealthy parents, who let her own fancy control her eating. She made our mealtimes most melancholy affairs. "Thank you, I never eat it," was her almost invariable reply to every dish offered. She did eat pastry and entrees, but that was about all. And one visitor last year, an older woman, and really charming in other ways, was on a diet to reduce her flesh. We are not a fat family, but we seemed to have all the things on our diet that were forbidden to her. I was afraid for a day or two—before I ciphered out just what to give her that she would eat—that she would starve. Henry said the truest kindness was to let her starve, anyway, for nothing reduced flesh so quickly. But that was just his nonsense. I am sure I lost a pound myself that fortnight worrying over my menus. But do go on with your diplomas; I ought not to have interrupted.'

'Cheerfulness should be part of the graduating course,' said the diploma-maker, thoughtfully, 'and an ability to play games and an inability to have headaches. A guest with a headache is a Christian martyr if she does not show it; and if she shows it and gives up, it casts a gloom. Absolute punctuality and order are necessary, of course. An unpunctual guest is enough to turn any hostess' hair gray in short order.'

'In short, your graduate must be perfection itself,' said the quiet woman. 'How many diplomas do you think could ever be given? Only angels in human form could hope to win them.'

'There's the beauty of visiting,' said the woman who had first asserted her belief in it, 'and that is why I call it a moral tonic. The endeavor to be a charming guest brings into play all the unused muscles of character, so to speak, and develops them immensely. Many a victorious struggle against selfishness is made in a guest-room which never could have happened in a hotel; and many a revealing light upon one's defects first dawns through the guest-room window.'

'And the hostess is being chastened and educated, too, at the same time,' remarked the suggester of diplomas. 'Dear me, what a mutual benefit association it is! Don't let us give up our guest-rooms for a while, anyway!' And amid the laugh which followed the discussion closed.—Priscilla Leonard, in the 'Interior.'

The Woman on the Street-car

(Christine Terhune Herrick, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Does the average woman who rides on a street-car perhaps fancy herself alone in the midst of a boundless solitude? Or is she indifferent to the effect she produces upon the chance observer?

All precedents are against the second theory, but one must invent some hypothesis to account for the carelessness the woman traveller in public street conveyances displays in her looks and bearing.

In the first place, she generally wears an expression which indicates that she is consumed by a secret sorrow or a permanent discontent, or is the prey of an impaired digestion. Her lips droop at the corners; her face relaxes into lines of pain or peevishness as soon as she forgets herself.

It is the rarest thing in the world to see a happy-looking woman alone on a street-car. If she is talking with another person, it is a different matter. But as soon as her face is in repose she looks depressed or fretful. If any one doubts this, he should study the next line of women he has opposite him in a car.

In the second place, in at least seven cases out of ten the women do not seem to have any care of how they sit. Again let the test of observation be applied to this statement. The majoriy of women 'slump' as soon as they take their seats. Their shoulders droop, their chests cave in, their knees drop apart, the muscles of their whole bodies relax. However good this may be for them in the abstract, ti is uncommonly unpleasant to look at in the concrete. If they feel unable to 'take a brace' and sit erect for the sake of those who have to look at them, they might at least make a struggle to study how to relax with some degree of grace.

Even their lack of attractiveness in their usual street-car pose is perhaps easier for the onlooker to bear than the fidgeting in which some of them indulge. Why cannot they sit down right in the first place? Why must they be jerking, about, rising and reseating themselves, pulling out their skirts, altering their positions? It would be a boon to the public at large if they would once take their seats in the position they mean to occupy, and then 'stay put.'

The woman who is travelling in a car never knows what to do with her umbrella or parasol. She sticks it out in the aisle for the harrassing of the conductor and the passengers. Job would have been provoked to profanity if he had ever caught his toe on a woman's umbrella and executed a cake-walk down the car amidst the mirth of the multitude. Not once in a blue moon does one find a woman who knows enough to put her umbrella close to her side, where it will not get in the way of those who have to pass her.

The inability to take care of an umbrella is common to women of any size. To the stout woman is reserved the peculiar glory of sitting back in a crowded car when she ought to sit forward, or of balancing herself on the edge of the seat and taking up two-thirds of the aisle space when she could just as well put her avoirdupois on the seat, where it belongs.

There would be enough to endure if the only faults to be laid to the charge of women on street-cars were those comparatively negative errors on which they are guilty when they have seats. It is when they stand that they rise to the dignity of a positive grievance. By preference they face the way the car is going, hanging on by a strap, swinging, lunging, bumping, treading on other passengers' feet as the car starts or stops or rounds curves. The trick of standing sideways, the feet apart to give a poise that is not easily disturbed, would seem a simple matter for a woman to learn. Yet the women who have acquired this accomplishment are so few and far between that, when one is seen who actually knows how to stand in a moving car, it is difficult to curb the impulse to invite the other passengers to club in and buy her a bouquet.

The Eyes.

'An infant crying for the light.'

The eye of a newborn infant turns at once toward the light, significant in more ways than one of the future needs of its being. The eyes of a baby at birth are but imperfectly developed; the eyebrows and eyelashes are short and thin; the eyelids are almost transparent, and allow much light to pass through them. The iris is very imperfect, and lacks the pigment, which comes with the growth of the baby. It is the lack of this pigment that makes the eyes of all newborn infants of the same color, namely, a dark blue. The light, which is the natural stimulus to the eye, if too strong, becomes an enemy to the young. Infants should learn to use their eyes little by little, the same as they learn to use their limbs. The resting place of the baby should be turned away from the light of the window,

and so shaded that no strong rays of light will fall directly on the eye. Especially should the eyes be protected from artificial light. In the first cleansing and dressing of the baby, the careful washing of the eyes is of great importance. This should be done with warm water and a very soft cloth. The cloth for washing the eyes should be burned each time for the first two weeks, or whenever there is any soreness. The eye should always be cleansed washing toward the nose.

Children should be taught never to rub the eye except toward the nose. Cold, moisture and strong winds are hurtful to the eyes in the first months of life, and the baby should be protected against such. When the baby is taken out for exercise, its eyes should be especially shaded, particularly if asleep in its cab. Who has not seen a sleeping baby trundled along by a careless nurse girl with the strong rays of the sun pouring directly into its eyes? Do not protect the eyes by a veil, but by a bonnet that comes over the face far enough to shield the eyes from the sun and wind. The shade of the baby's cab should be of dark instead of a light color. Cleanliness is an important factor in the care of the eyes, especially after children get to playing about the floor. The eyes should be carefully cleansed as any other part of the body, with clear boiled water and soft sponges or linen cloths, and without the irritating action of soap. As soon as the infant is old enough to use its arms and handle objects, it ought to be carefully taught not to carry substances to its eyes, nor given playthings with which it can puncture or hurt the eyes. The habit some babies have of digging their eyes with their little fists when sleepy should be patiently broken up. Cleanliness and protection of eyes from too much light, cold, moisture, strong winds and accidents make up the hygiene of the eyes in babyhood.—From 'Mother, Baby and Nursery.'

Safeguarding the Home.

In the ancient East the houses were made with flat roofs, serving not only for shelter, but in that hot climate fulfilling an important part of the domestic life of the people. The home roof was not only the summer kitchen, but often the living-room as well. There, when the sun was sinking, callers were received and entertained. In the evening the family gathered upon it and sat looking over the battlements in converse, or lifting up the evening hymn together, or listening to some story of the past or word of instruction, and if the night was propitious finding there rest in slumber.

It was sometimes a convenient place of refuge. 'It is better,' says Solomon, 'to dwell in a corner on the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house.' Here, then, was a ready retreat when scalding words were poured out below, a suggestion some of our modern homes might profit by. There, with the ingathering of the harvest, or the reception of some special blessing, the thank offering was rendered, and there they gathered often for the marriage festival.

This common use caused Moses to direct the building of a battlement to gird the roof, three and a half feet high, lest some one accidentally fall over and the house be stained with blood. If the owner failed to make this defense, or permitted it to fall into decay, he must take upon his own shoulders the responsibility of whatever might happen. Thus the sacredness of human life was recognized, and the responsibility which one owes to another.

Nothing can be more important than the safeguarding of the home, and never was it more needed than to-day. It is the home life which sweetens and sanctifies the national life.

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